[SECOND EDITION.]

THE WASP.

By Robert Ruſticoat, Eſquire.

Vol. I.] *"To laſh the Raſcals naked through the world."* [No. 1.

HUDSON, JULY 7, 1802.

If there, perchance, ſhould come a Bee,
A Waſp will come as ſoon as he.
Myſelf.

PROPOSALS,

FOR PUBLISHING IN THE CITY OF HUDSON,

A NEW PAPER,

TO BE ENTITLED

THE WASP,

BY *ROBERT RUSTICOAT*, ESQUIRE.

This paper will be iſſued occaſionally, as may beſt ſuit the editor, at the moderate price of three cents a number. It will be printed with a legible type, on good paper, and will make its appearance, as ſoon after Holt's Bee is commenced, as poſſible, whether 350 ſubſcribers are obtained or not.

THE editor will make but few promiſes.—Waſps produce but little *honey*: They are chiefly known by their *ſtings*; and the one here propoſed will not materially differ from others.——The WASP is declared to be at enmity with the BEE.—Wherever the BEE ranges, the WASP will follow—over the ſame fields, and on the ſame flowers.——Without attempting to pleaſe his *friends*, the WASP will only ſtrive to diſpleaſe, vex and torment his enemies.—With his ſting always ſharpened for war, he will never accept of peace.—He will never accede to the philoſophical doctrine, that

"We are all *Waſps*—we are all *Bees*."

ADVERTISEMENT.

☞ THE EDITOR did not intend to have commenced the publication of THE WASP, until Charles Holt had iſſued the firſt number of his "BEE," in this city; but a fellow by the name of Mitchell, who is profeſſional blackguard for the Political Barometer, ſeems to demand immediate attention.—This Mitchell ſays, that he *hopes* Mr. Holt will meet with great ſucceſs in this city.—Undoubtedly.—But, pray, Miſter Mitchell, why did you not remember the old ſaying——"Charity begins at home;" and beſtow ſome of your *hopes* upon yourſelf! I know you want them bad enough; and Holt will never *thank ye* for them.—Jacobin printers would cut one another's throats for a morſel of bread—and their *hanging-together* is preciſely like that

of pick-pockets.—Let their intereſts claſh a little, and they will fall to quarrelling like a pack of ſavages.

" Like dogs they fight about a bone,
" And play together when they've none."

Now, Mitchell, remember this ;——and when you are ſtarving on democratic ſupport—and your Barometer foretells a dark, a gloomy, and a ſtormy day, alſo remember, that lying is a ſorry trade, which ever brings its followers (Duane excepted) to want.

" THE BEE" (ſays Mitchell) " will collect the *honey*, while THE WASP will only dabble in *filth*."——Yes, Mitchell, THE WASP has a dirty and diſagreeable job to perform. He has undertaken the chaſtiſement of a ſet of fellows who are intrenched in filth—who, like lazy ſwine, are wallowing in a puddle. He muſt, therefore wade knee-deep in ſmut, before he can meet his enemies on *their own ground*.—Then, be it known to the Barometer hero, his inſular ſituation ſhall not protect him.—I have accoutred myſelf in a ſuitable manner, and now take up the gauntlet he has thrown.

R. RUSTICOAT.

Garret of the Balance-Office,
July 8th, 1802.

PREFACE.

CUSTOM has made it the duty of every editor of a public paper, to occupy ſome portion of his firſt number in pointing out the plan he intends to purſue in his future labours.—I am no ſervile follower of faſhions, nor do I think that every cuſtom is a law, which muſt at all events, be obeyed.—Yet, in the preſent inſtance, I have no objection to treading in the ſame path with my predeceſſors.——Gentle reader, I ſhall make no promiſes, leaſt, through forgetfulneſs or neglect, I ſhould chance to break them—for I hold in abhorrence all deceitful inaugural addreſſes and hypocritical pretenſions.—My inducement for eſtabliſhing this paper, may be ſtated in a few words :—A clan of unprincipled adventurers, totally deſtitute of talents, have for ſome years conducted the democratic preſſes of our country. They have reviled and calumniated our greateſt and beſt men—they have ſlandered our wiſeſt rulers—they have denounced our moſt worthy citizens. They have fattened on falſhood—they have drunk the blood of innocence—they have excelled in villainy, and have rioted on its ſpoils. Hitherto the vicinity of Hudſon's river, has been tolerably free from theſe reptiles. But of late they begin to thicken around us. The Demagogues and petty tyrants of the day felt their powers and their influence decreaſing, and they found it neceſſary to employ tools to ſupport their falling cauſe. Jacobin printers are therefore, *bought* or *hired*, and ſet to work in their favorite trade of detraction.—Reſpectable federal papers muſt not be engaged in a " war of words" with ſuch wretches. I have, therefore, thought proper to ſet up " The Waſp" for the purpoſe of meeting my democratic neighbors on an equal footing—and I pledge myſelf that its *appearance* ſhall conform to its *duties*, as nearly as poſſible,

THE EDITOR.

CRITIQUE.

BY THE EDITOR.

MITCHELL, in the firſt number of the Barometer, beſpattered a whole column, with what he called a " Proem ;" and a ſillier thing, perhaps, never appeared in print. Tho' it is, in fact, beneath crit-

iciſm ; yet I cannot refrain from troubling my readers with a few extracts and remarks.——The " proem" begins in the following ſublime ſtrain :—

" Forth from the groaning, griping preſs,
" Array'd in typographic dreſs,
" I, to the world, am dragg'd along,
" Prepar'd to hail you with a ſong."

Now, curious reader, have you ever ſeen a happier combination of thoughts, more happily expreſſed ? On reading the firſt line, you muſt figure to yourſelf a poor wretch writhing under all the tortures of the belly-ache—and how is he to be relieved ? Why, by being " dragg'd," headlong, " to the world."—In the next place you find Mitchell's " proem," metamorphoſed to " a ſong"—and a curious ſong it is.

A " brawlie lad" is made to ſay

" With faſhions freſh brought o'er the ſea,
" Quite *alamode de la Paris*."

Mitchell, certainly, if he knew any thing about it, muſt have known that " de *la* Paris" was neither grammar nor ſenſe. But he probably thought he might better afford to murder grammar than ſpoil the meaſure of his verſes ; and, therefore, introduced the little article " la," which, from its ſize, could not be capable of much miſchief.

One couplet proves the profundity of Mitchell's genius beyond contradiction.

" This ne'er will do, (replies old Lumpkins)
" Point out ſome plan t'increaſe our pumpkins."

Who under heavens except Mitchell, could have produced a name which would have rhymed ſo charmingly with ſuch a charming poetical word as " pumpkins ?"

Again,

" Or with leſs pains our hogs to fatten
" And when for price good chances happen."

Here, to be ſure, is no rhyme—but this is not Mithell's fault—he was not at liberty to make a word, in this place.

When I read,

" And gales *ting'd* with their rich perfume—"

I cannot conceive what Mitchell means. He is the firſt poet that has ever told us of " ting'd gales."

The following lines are put into the mouth of " a grogman, o'er his bow'l :"—

" What ! print all this ?—'tis a queer job !
" Qu—queer, by Jove !—Landlord !—more grog !"

This, patient reader, was intended for a rhyme !—What think you of Mitchell's poetical abilities now ? But, hold ! it is the ſpeech of " a grogman." Perhaps Mitchell will anſwer, that neither rhyme nor reaſon can be expected from a man *half ſeas over*.

Next follows a *precious confeſſion*.—Speaking of tne politician, Mitchell ſays,

" Full well he knows, before 'tis utter'd,
" Which ſide the Printer's bread is butter'd—
" That to ſecure the prize, *l'argent* [money]
" He'll chooſe the right ſide—or the wrong."

This, Mitchell, I believe is ſtrictly true. I have no doubt, that you would, FOR MONEY, not only take " the right ſide—or the wrong"—but would FOR MONEY, do almoſt any thing, ſhort of writing common ſenſe.

I deſiſt—for, in truth, as Mitchell draws near the end of his " proem," his Pegaſus gets ſo completely beat out, that rhyme, reaſon, ſenſe and grammar, all keep aloof—and blunders thicken ſo faſt, that it is not in my power to mention the half of them.

For decency ſake, Mitchell, never again undertake to *make* poetry. On the word of Robert Ruſticoat, it will not do.

TOASTS.

[A friend of mine, who loves Truth, and hates Democrats, has ſent me a ſet of toaſts, drank on the 5th inſt. As I have not room for the whole of them, I hope he will be ſatisfied with the following ſelections.] *Edit. Waſp.*

Virginia and the right of repreſentation—
" All whitemen—all negroes."

The patriotic refuſe of Europe—" Shall not oppreſſed humanity find an aſſylum on this part of the globe."

The Republican Martyrs—
" Who never felt the halter draw
" With good opinion of the law,
" Nor held in method orthodox
" Their love of juſtice in the ſtocks."

William Duane—illuſtrious in the art of lying—
" Some in the modern doctrines ſpy
" A new commandment—*Thou ſhalt lie.*
" And if there is, as who can tell,
" There's no one, ſure, he keeps ſo well."

G——e C——n, and the memorable council—
——" They hot from caucus came,
" With Genet by their ſide—cried *havoc*
" And let ſlip the dogs of faction."

The Republican Millenium—
Halcyon days,
When every knave and rogue and ſilly fool
Shall ſhine forth patriots, and our country rule—
Ouſt ſtern Juſtice from her ſacred ſeat,
And modeſt Virtue from her temple beat—
The holy pulpit be th' Athieſts' place
To damn his Maker with a daſtard's face—
When morals we ſhall find but in the name,
And all the ſocial duties men diſclaim—
When (to complete the picture of the times)
Th' applauſe of mobs ſhall wipe away all crimes.

☞The editorial office of " THE WASP" is kept, for the preſent, in the Garret over the Balance Office, where Communications, Advertiſements and Subſcriptions, will be thankfully received.

A NEW SONG.

BY THE EDITOR.

DEMOCRATIC DING-DONG;
OR A
BELL TO SETTLE THE BEE.

THE Democrats—(I know them well)
Their heads are like a crier's bell—
A hollow ſconce—a noiſy thing
Hangs in the middle, pealing—*ding*—
Ding—dong— a pealing bell,
A Demo's head will do as well.

A Demo's head is made of braſs;
His bawling beats the bray of aſs;
His tongue an iron, noiſy thing—
Touch it with whiſkey—how 'twill *ding*—
Ding—dong—a pealing bell,
Whiſkey ſuits the Demos well.

" The Bee" ſtarv'd out and took his flight,
And on our ſhores he next would light—
The Demo' clappers 'gan to ring,
But all was noiſe, and nought but *ding*—
Ding—dong—a pealing bell—
Demo's ſupport a printer well.

Hark! hear the pan's* bewitching ſound—
Hark! hear the bee come buzzing round—
See him prepare his pointleſs ſting,
While all the Demo's clappers *ding*—
Ding—dong—a pealing bell—
The Bee will ſting the fed'rals well.

But, hold! ſuppoſe ſupport ſhould fail,
And the poor Bee ſhould ſhew his tail;
Another tune would Demos ſing,
And quite forlorn their bell would *ding*.
Ding—dong—a ſolemn knell
Would ſound the dying Bee's farewell.

**A pan and ſtick are frequently uſed for ſettling a ſwarm of bees.*

PRINTED AT THE BALANCE-OFFICE,
BY HARRY CROSWELL,
FOR THE EDITOR.